BR
125
B383

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
BR125 .B383
Chap. Copyright No.
Shelf
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

TRUTH

AND

FICTION

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
COPYRIGHT
JUN 1 1883
No. 16347
CITY OF WASHINGTON

BY

Mrs. ABBEY LOUISA BEAUMONT.

BR125
.B383

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1879,
By Mrs. ABBEY LOUISA BEAUMONT,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress,
at Washington.

Mrs. Beaumont's New Book

TRUTH AND FICTION.

TO the old and young in every clime
I dedicate my dream.
In many minds it will sink or swim;
Let all the blame be mine.

I dreamed a dream, it seemed so strange,
I thought to write it in a book;
The livelong night, like a fast race-horse,
My mind went on a trot.

Thinks I to myself I'll fiction write
To go with some good truths.
Perhaps it will do the aged good,
And also help the youth.

Satan oft tried my work to stop;
Sometimes I gave it up.
I will work for my Jesus, at length I cried,
My King will bear me up.

You shall not put me down, I said;
O, Satan, flee away.
I'm a working woman, that, many know;
I have no time to play.

I count the jewels of this world as dross,
For me they cannot shine;
I'm the plainest woman in all the world;
I love not things so fine.

So I have wrote this little book;
I've many more to write.
Go on, go on, my friends all cry,
And hurry up your work.

So my work is done for now, dear friends;
I leave the event with God;
I will go to work and dream again
Some things that's very odd.

I DREAMED that every living soul was aroused one night by the sound of a trumpet in the sky. I call it the midnight Trumpet of Glory, on account of the whole world being one blaze of light, lit up from the Word of God. An angel flew through the midst of Heaven, having the everlasting Gospel, in letters of gold, on a roll of vellum. As he flew from the east to the west, he unrolled and left floating in the sky the Glorious Gospel, in all languages. The City of the Living God also came in sight. There also appeared a rainbow below the city, and under it hung, by a ring of gold, a looking-glass, that reflected what was done in one part of the world, all over the other.

Then another angel came, flying with great speed, out from the sun, down to Chicago, and wept over a young man that lay drunk on the sidewalk. The saloon-keeper that sold him the accursed stuff to get drunk on, turned deathly pale when the angel told him he was no better than a murderer, highway robber or any kind of cut-throat; that he should think it would be beneath his dignity to get money in so scandalous a way; that he would have to give an account at the judgment seat of Christ, for that young man's lying there. How must his poor parents feel; how bitterly must they suffer through your means? Pity and love for them has undoubtedly left his heart; and their home is by you, and others like you, made desolate. If you don't leave off your traffic in the deadly stuff, dreadful will be your death. The angel looked up; the sky was full of men in shining raiment; more than a thousand dealers in the disgraceful stuff, that kills the body and damns the soul, fainted. The angel said, "I leave you to your guilty conscience, while I conduct this young man home." He then gently lifted him upon his feet, and wept as if his heart would break; said he had abused his aged father, struck his mother, and had not gone home sober for more than a year, and now was afraid to go, they would be so terrified to see him coming home so early in the morning; said "if it was not for you, O! angel, I would not dare go anyhow." A great crowd followed them to the house. Hark! the poor old folks are crying. They hear the tread of many feet, and think their son is dying or sick; but lo! he rushes in with bounding feet and throws his arms around their necks, saying, "Oh, my father, and oh, my mother; let not your tears fall down so fast, but listen while this angel tells you why your son came home, at last, sober, and longing

to be forgiven. The angel then told why he came. Then he heard men calling out, "help! help! for the Lord's sake." Five hundred saloon-keepers were rolling out barrels of wine, beer and everything that intoxicates. Slam, bang, goes in the heads, and out flows the vile stuff. They are men, now, and said they were ready to break the back of old King Alcohol, in any place they found him. As quick as they said that, the apparition in the sky vanished out of sight. The Angel said he must go. The people of Chicago begged him to stay; said none but an angel from heaven could help on the great work and save the youth of our land. The angel said Santa Claus had gone up with a Chickering piano from W. W. Kimball's music store in Chicago, in his balloon, as a present to the Old Man in the Moon's wife; said he wanted to talk with him, and would come and preach to the people of Chicago in two weeks; would send a letter just before starting by way of the Old Man of the Moon. He then spread his wings and flew back to the sun. Tens of thousands came to Chicago so as to hear the letter, and sermons. In just two weeks the letter was seen coming down, flying round and round, and lit on top of the Sherman House. A man ran and jumped out of the scuttle and picked it up. O! read; QUICK, QUICK, and see what it says, cried everybody. So he opened and read from the Old Man of the Moon to the people of Chicago:

HARK! hark! the Sun Dogs bark,
The Angel is coming to town;
He has just stepped aboard of Old Santa's Balloon,
And that is the way he'll come down.

He will preach you a sermon, that will make your
hearts tremble,
Your sins they have reached up so high;
Your God you've forsaken, to follow silly fashion,
O! what will you do in that day.

He has left the bright Sun standing still by the Moon,
While he comes the great sermon to preach;
He will talk of salvation in strains so melodious,
Your hearts full of rapture will join in the chorus.

He has bid the great Sun Dogs, away to their kennel,
And let the warm Sun shine full on the earth;
He will come to Chicago to give you a lesson,
He will talk of free grace, and the glories of Heaven.
The old man in the moon is coming down, too,
While my wife and my daughters are playing a tune;
The truths that I'll tell you, you'll not forget soon:
O! let me come quick, in old Santa's Balloon.

Such a grand sight was never seen in the air before; Old Santa's Balloon, with a flag staff, and on top of it, waved the stars and stripes, O! so grand; and in it the Angel and the Old Man of the Moon, with Santa. Down it came to Chicago. The people invited them to come into the meeting house and preach. They said, no; any house that was too good for the poor to come and hear the word of God in, was too good for them; they would say what they had to say in the open air; besides the Sun Dogs might wake and go to cutting up in the Moon." "I've left my Moon standing still by the Sun," said the Old Man of the Moon, "while I came, in hopes of saving some from going to destruction. I will speak first to the aged, said he, and if the coat fits any others, I hope they will put it on. I'm a plain spoken old man, you will say, when you hear me; but I fear neither man or Devil, for it is high time some one spoke to you in a trumpet tongue, to try and put you on the right track.

"Come to think," said the Old Man, "I will let the Angel speak first." Then the Angel said; "O! dear young men, the Prince of Peace wants you to aid him in breaking every yoke and removing every burden of sin from the world; to aid him in establishing a kingdom founded in TRUTH, HOLINESS and LOVE. The Son of God wants young men to aid Him in sweeping away all lies; to unmask all hypocricy; destroy every delusion; and make every part of the world radiant with truth; and O! dear children that go to the Sabbath School, how many of you are willing to keep the Sabbath day holy, stand up for Jesus and read the Holy Bible? "Such a shout of voices went up for Jesus, saying, "I WILL," that it set the great bells in Moscow, China and Montreal, ringing themselves to one another. Then they rang to all the other bells in the world for the space of five minutes. Then all the bells in heaven rang, so sweet and long, they seemed to say as plain as day, our God is marching on. Then the Sabbath School children sang:

ANGEL dear, behold us here,
Ten thousand strong for Jesus;
The holy Sabbath we will keep,
And at the Sunday School will meet,
And sing so sweet for Jesus.

The Holy Bible we will read;
It will help us in each time of need;
It will help us reach the throne on high;
It will help us when we come to die.

This Blessed Book, divinely given,
Presented by the Lord in Heaven;
A gift from God, to show the way,
Where it will be one eternal day.

If we hold out, as we've begun,
We know we'll wear,
A starry crown,
And sing on high for Jesus.

We'll praise Him here, while we have breath.
Until our voices are lost in death;
Then we will sing with the glittering crown on our brow,
"If ever we loved Thee, our Jesus, 'tis now."

The Angel then raised his right hand toward Heaven, and said, "God bless you, dear children; may the blessing of that God whose praises you have just sung, be upon you, in life, at death, and throughout eternity. Every day, read a portion of the word of God, and be convinced that it contains everything that is needful for your souls' salvation; no wafer God's are mentioned there, but everything is bright and fair; no beads to count, such silly things are all abhorred by the King of kings." This was too much for the Old Devil; he came out with a monster drum, to call out his faithful followers, and drown out the voice of the Angel. He then screamed, "I want my own; the Prince of Darkness wants young men; I want them to help me rivet the chains more strong upon the bands of sin, so as to bind them down in helpless debasement, and open new fountains of woe, and multiply the victims of guilt and despair; I

want boys to steal, lie, swear and break the Sabbath, and raise the Old Devil in a general way; so as to go to my place of torment. I want females to trick themselves out with all kinds of finery and trinkets—some got in a dishonest way; I want mothers to keep on murdering their innocent offspring, for I love bloodshed of every kind. Oh! ye gay females, who love other men better than your own husbands, hell is opening its gates to receive you; you help me mightily to drive on the car of utter destruction through every land; I'll stop the Bible being read in public schools if I can. I'm the old chap that got kicked out of the Garden of Eden because I made a fool of Mrs. Eve by my cunning." He then screamed, "I'm the daddy of Freeloveism and Mormonism; I am the true father of these brutish and hellish doctrines; I glory in them, for they help me to keep the flames in a lovely blaze; if they did not feed the flames of hell, where would this Old Devil be?" Before he could say another word, a soul in the bottomless abyss cried out in a doleful voice, saying, "Yell! yell! you Old Devil, and warn my faithful followers at Salt Lake City and everywhere else, that you have brought old Brigham Young to this place of torment; in flames of fire that can never die. O! my deluded followers, he screamed, the Book of Mormonism is a vile cheat, fixed up from an old Welsh novel. Run! run for your lives, ye Freelovers and Mormons, you are both under one cover; when I was among you I robbed and murdered, for I sold my soul to the Devil, and now I am in the pains of hell-fire where there is no escape; I sinned away the day of grace. Oh! my followers, I warn you for the last time, that the road is easy and flowery to hell. O! listen to the shrieks of despair in this terrible prison; hear the groans of those you knew when they were on earth; forever cursed will be the name of Brigham Young. I robbed one of whose name I never more dare speak of the glory that belonged to him." Then a wail went up from Salt Lake City, and hundreds of voices cried out, let us turn from this foul sink of iniquity to the Lord before we die, for God is just and man alone is vile. Look at the graves, they cried, and see where the broken-hearted are lying, through the curse of Mormonism.

The Old Devil then yelled like a Camanche Indian. He screamed,

I WILL roar and tear around,
My Alcohol King is dying;
The crusade women have broken his back,
The saloonichi-keepers are crying.
I'll take my drum, he yelled, and scare
The crusade women home;
For just as sure as they come on,
Old Satan's kingdom is undone.
The graves no more by Drunkards filled;
Good corn by me no more distilled.
They will stop my traffic in gin and rum,
The crusade women that's coming on.
The hungry they will all be fed;
They will cry no more for want of bread;
Murder and thieving there'll be none,
To gladden the heart of this Son-of-a-gun.

He then yelled and leaped into the flaming abyss below. Bang! "What's that jars the whole world," said the Old Man of the Moon. A terrible earthquake in California, said some. Some said it must be a new kind of cannon. One old lady said it must be the fore-wheel to some dreadful runner. But, behold! a man is seen coming out of Rome on a Godevil—that is a vehicle made of a light poplar log, four or five feet long, for men or boys to sit astride of, four legs like a chair, put into the log, the others into the runners, for one horse; this was made of two light oak saplings; the runners and thills all one. Everybody held their breath to see at what a tremendous speed he came. He jumped his horse and Godevil over the most frightful chasms to reach Chicago before the Old Man of the Moon went up. He came on a light flurry of snow. O! said everybody, what will he do, for the river is all breaking up. But just as he reached the edge of the river, he yelled "clear the track!" Then, like a bird, his horse leaped the broken ice from cake to cake. O! shouted old Santa Claus, throwing up his great arms, he'll smash my balloon. Everybody screamed and jumped to one side but Santa; he shut his eyes and held tight to his balloon, with some ropes of my paper plant I grew in Wisconsin. On he came and jumped horse, Godevil and all right over the balloon, to the wonder and admiration of the whole world. "How is that for high?" says he. Such a feat was never performed in this part of the world before, said the peo-

ple of Chicago. Did you hear the jarring of the whole world about two hours ago? It was this: the old Pope is down; his chair is upset, and all creation can't hoist him up again. Seven of his deluded followers said, "Arise; O! Holy Father; we will help you up." "Get out of the way," he yelled, "While I swear a blue streak." He then began to curse Victor Emanuel for sending out a trumpeter, and shouting, come haste to the wedding, for five thousand Catholic Priests and Nuns were to be married that day. It was Friday, and all kinds of meat was provided for the occasion. They said they might as well eat the Devel as drink his broth, and said they would eat any kind of meat, on Friday, they liked, giving God thanks for the same. He then cursed Old Santa Claus, and his balloon, Chickering and his Grand Piano, that Santa had bought of W. W. Kimball, in Chicago, and carried to the Old Man of the Moon's wife and daughters; the Piano sounded so grand all over the world, when they played and sung Sweet Music.

SWEET music cheers the spirit,
And love speaks out in song;
It gives the timid courage,
And makes the feeble strong.
It gives, &c.

It soothes the anxious bosom;
It gives the weary rest;
Disarms the base and evil,
And better makes the best.
Disarms, &c.

The elements speak music
In every leafy grove;
And all the birds in music
Are telling forth their love.
And all, &c.

To all who here are singing,
Have human minds been given;
And we should feel that music
Is but a voice from Heaven.
And we, &c.

He then cursed the Old Man of the Moon for preaching free salvation, and advising every one to read the Holy Bible in spite of

him. O! said he; the mills will no more grind fine flour to feed my puffed-up porklings, or make any more wafer gods. Just as sure as they do read the Bible, they will see that all the lying wonders and counterfeit miracles cannot be found there. Oh, he bellowed, what shall I do? St. Peter himself has just appeared in sight on the battlements of the beautiful city above, and waved his hand for the whole world to be silent. Then, he said, as for the Virgin Mary, she never had power in Heaven or on earth to forgive sins. She had not power to save her own dear son from being killed by the Jews, and wept as only a loving mother could weep at the death of a beloved son. This dear son left her in the care of John, the beloved disciple; with him she lived fifteen years, and then died; and as for me, I never was Pope or Bishop of Rome in my life. I was a poor and lowly disciple of the Lord and Saviour Jesus, and never in any of my sayings or sacred writings will you find any of the peculiar tenets of the Romish church; not one word of my own or those who pretend to be my successors; and nothing of the infallibility claimed by those pretended successors; nothing of purgatory, penances, pilgrimages, auricular confession, extreme unction, masses and prayers for the dead, and never a word about transubstantiation. They are all false and forged. Let the whole world read the Holy Bible and be convinced what I say is the truth. Now, said St. Peter, when Jesus was coming in the way of Cæsarea-Phillippi, all of a sudden he turned to us disciples and said, "whom do men say that I, the son of man, am?" I being the eldest of the Apostles, took it upon myself to answer. So I said, "Some said thou art John, the Baptist, some Elias, and others Jeremias or one of the Prophets." Then, said he, "whom say ye, that I am?" This question he put to us all together, never to me alone. Still I answered for the rest and myself, and said, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." Then, the Lord said: "Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Jonah, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father which is in Heaven; and I say unto thee thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it"—Peter, in Greek, signifying a stone or rock. And it was on this solid foundation that Christ meant not my person any more than all the other disciples, and what he meant by the keys was that what myself and the other Apostles approved of on earth should be bound in Heaven, and what we loosed on earth should be loosed in

Heaven; that is what we did not approve of on earth should be of no account in Heaven. And now as for the sacrament: The same night in which Jesus was betrayed he took unleavened bread and brake it and gave God thanks and said: "Take, eat, and as oft as ye do this do it in remembrance of me; and He took the cup, and when He had given thanks He said, "drink ye all of this, and as oft as ye do this do it in remembrance of me." Can any man of common sense think He broke His own body when He merely broke the piece of unleavened bread and said, "as oft as ye do this do it in remembrance of me?" How can a rational reflecting mind believe in the terrible doctrine of transubstantiation; that is, that the real body, blood and bones of Christ are in the sacrament? If it were true, how many times, then, has Christ been eaten and his blood drank since he went to Heaven? Memory has to do with the past—with an absent friend. To eat and drink in remembrance of one who is actually present before one's eyes, is an absurdity and a shocking belief. Christ died once for all. Every Pope has usurped the authority that belongs to God alone.

Then everybody looked to see two men going a-fishing at Iowa City. One was the Rev. Mr. Hineman, a Methodist minister, an excellent man; the other was Mr. Darwin. He was trying to instil the belief of transmigration of souls into Mr. Hineman's mind, and saying that men sprang from monkeys. Mr. H. asked him if he ever read the book of Genesis, and there saw that God created the first man, Adam, out of the dust of the earth and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. Then God caused a deep sleep to fall upon him; then, by His Almighty power, took one of his ribs and formed a woman to be a wife unto him. No, I swowny, I never did, said Darwin; and I believe men sprang from monkeys, anyhow. They had arrived at the bank of the Iowa river. A poor little idiot boy was there fishing. He had heard the conversation. He asked Darwin if his grandmother was a monkey. Which made Darwin so hopping mad that he made a misstep and tumbled into the river. A large catfish seized him and eat him up. Mr. H. threw in his hook and line; the catfish grabbed it, when, with a quick jerk, Mr. H. landed it on the bank, when, quick as a flash, a large hog, that was rooting on the spot, eat up the fish. The owner of the hog came along with a gun on his shoulder. He asked Mr. Hineman what such things meant. Mr. H. stated the case to him.

The owner of the hog then put a ball through its head, declaring that a hog that would eat up as big a fool as that man was should never be eat in his family. He then made it up into a barrel of soft soap. So Darwin was transmigrated into a catfish; from a catfish into a hog; from a hog into a barrel of soft soap.

Now, said Santa, I'll tell a few things that some know and some don't know. Here is one of the falsehoods that the Catholics have stuffed the Pueblo Indians, of New Mexico, with, to make them Roman Catholics. The lying Priests of the Pope made these Indians believe that the birth of Montezuma, which took place in one of the Pueblobes of New Mexico, was a miraculous event; that he was born of a Virgin, in consequence of eating a fir-cone, which God had presented to her; that his death was mysterious, that he was interred in the Atlantic Ocean, and will return again among the Pueblobes, if they remain faithful to the Catholic religion. Prophecies and miraculous events, constitute the main features of these legends. The Virgin, the queen of Heaven, holds frequent conversation with him. Among other things, she apprises him that the Spaniards should come, and take his kingdom; but that he should be compensated by the holy religion, which he should receive. The rascally Cortez arrives; Malinche, the beautiful daughter of Montezuma, becomes enamored of him; she receives the holy waters of baptism—otherwise salt and water; becomes his wife, and persuades her to abdicate and become a Catholic. Such are the pious lies by which these Indians are kept in the church. An account of one of these monkish traditions will show their general character. Montezuma inquired of the virtuous Cortez, by what means the Spaniards became aware of the existence of the Aztec Kingdom. Cortez replied, great monarch, I will tell you how the discovery of this vast kingdom was made. There was a girl in one of the schools attached to a nunnery, Maria Agnelia de Jesus, who one day was absent for two hours, when she was called up for punishment by the Abbess. She says, do not whip me, I will tell the truth where I have been. Then the Abbess said, tell me where you have been. She replied, Ah! lady mistress, I have this moment passed over much water, and went till I reached land on the other side, where is a great kingdom, where I found myself among people who were dancing, and where I saw a great King who had an imperial crown of gold on his head all covered with feathers. The mistress immediately went and gave account to the King of

Spain, and as he had before received news of the King of the Indies but did not know where he was until that girl discovered him, the King ordered that three days vacation should be given to the girl, that she might go and bring two feathers from the crown of that King. Accordingly, the girl went, and as the King Montezuma was going out to dance, the girl, as soon as he took off his crown, took the two feathers from it and went and presented them to the King of Spain. As she was a saint, she did it all in a moment. The King, as he took the feathers in his hand, said plumes of the eagle, let the King of the Indies look to himself, it is my interest to conquer him. Thus, great monarch, your Kingdom became known. This manuscript was translated by Mr. Theodore Dwight, who is United States Indian Agent at Santa Fe. He procured it for Dr. Macgowan.

Then I dreamed Old Santa said: Now here is another to be made known to the world. This year of Mahomet's impositions, who, like the Papists, have put so many to death by the fire and sword, because they will not believe his accursed creed. Here is one of his lying miracles, that is too ridiculous for any human soul to believe, put in the Koran. It reads, that one night as he lay in his bed with his best beloved wife, Eyesha, he heard a knocking at his door, upon which, arising, he found there, the Angel Gabriel, with seventy pairs of wings, expanded from his sides, whiter than snow and clearer than crystal, and the beast, Alborak, standing by him, which they say is the beast on which the Prophets used to ride when they were carried from one place to another upon the execution of any divine command. Mahomet described it to be a beast as white as milk, and of a mixed nature, between an ass and a mule, and also of a size between both, but of such extraordinary swiftness as to equal even lightning itself. As soon as this lying impostor appeared at the door, the Angel Gabriel kindly embraced him, saluted him in the name of God, and told him he was sent to bring him unto God in Heaven, where he should see strange mysteries, which were not lawful to be seen by any other man. He then prayed the impostor to get upon Alborak, but the beast, it seems, having lain idle and unemployed from the time of Christ to Mahomet, was grown so mettlesome and skittish that he would not stand still for Mahomet to mount him, till at length he was forced to bribe him to it by promising him a place in Paradise. When he was firmly seated upon him, the Angel Gabriel led the way with the bridle in his hand, and carried the Prophet from

Mecca to Jerusalem in the twinkling of an eye. On his coming thither all the departed Prophets and Saints appeared at the gate of the temple to salute him, and thence attending him to the chief oratory, desired him to pray for them and then withdrew. After this Mahomet went out of the temple with the Angel Gabriel and found a ladder of light ready fixed for them, which they immediately ascended, leaving Alborak tied to a rock till their return. On their arrival at the first Heaven, the Angel knocked at the gate and informed the porter who he was, and that he had brought Mahomet, the friend of God. He was immediately admitted to this first Heaven. He tells us it was all of pure silver, from whence he saw stars hanging from it by chains of gold, each as big as mount Noho, near Mecca, in Arabia. On his entrance he met a decrepit Old Man, who, it seems, was our first father, Adam, and as he advanced he saw a multitude of Angels, in all manner of shapes, in shapes of bats, beasts, and men. We must not forget to observe that Adam had the piety immediately to embrace the prophet, giving God thanks for so great a son, and then recommended himself to his prayers. From this first heaven the impostor tells us he ascended into the second, which was at the distance of five hundred years' journey above it, and that he makes the distance of every one of the seven heavens, each above the other. Here, the gates being opened to him as before, at his entrance he met Noah, who, rejoicing much at the sight of him, recommended himself to his prayers. That Heaven was all of pure gold and there was twice as many Angels in it as the former, for, it seems, the number of the Angels increased in every Heaven as he advanced. From the second Heaven he ascended into the third, which was made of precious stones, where he met Abraham, who also recommended himself to his prayers. Joseph, the son of Jacob, did the same in the fourth heaven, which was all of emerald. Moses, in the fifth, which was all of adamant, and John, the Baptist, in the sixth, which was all of carbuncle, whence he ascended into the seventh, which was all of divine light, and here he found Jesus Christ. However, it is observed that he alters his style here, for he does not say that Jesus Christ recommended himself to his prayers, but that he recommended himself to the prayers of Jesus Christ. The Angel Gabriel having brought him thus far, told him he was not permitted to attend him any further and therefore directed him to ascend the rest of the way

to the throne of God by himself. This he performed with great difficulty, passing through rough and dangerous places, till he came where he heard a voice saying unto him: "O! Mahomet; salute thy Creator." When ascending higher he came into a place where he saw a vast expansion of light, so exceedingly bright that his eyes could not bear it. This, it seems, was the habitation of the Almighty, where his Throne was placed, on the right side of which, he says, God's name and his own were written in these Arabic words: "La ellah ellallah, Mohanad resul ollah." That is, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet," which is at this day the creed of the Mahometans. Being approached to the divine presence, he tells us that God entered into familiar converse with him; revealed to him many hidden mysteries; made him understand the whole of his law; gave him many things in charge concerning his instructing men in the knowledge of it, and, in conclusion, bestowed on him several privileges above the rest of mankind. He then returned and found the Angel Gabriel waiting for him in the place where he left him. The Angel led him back along the seven heavens through which he had brought him, and sat him again upon the beast Aborak, which stood tied at the rock near Jerusalem. Then he conducted him back to Mecca in the same manner as he brought him thence; and all this within the space of a tenth part of one night. The impudence of it is equal to the extravagance. The Koran, which is the Mohammedan Bible, abounds with falsehoods, contradictions and fables. The rascally impostor extolled it to the very heavens, but now let it go down to the bottomless abyss, with all other falsehoods. He says Abraham, Isaac and Jacob believed his Koran, although they lived some thousands of years before he was born. This makes the Apostles of our Savior his scholars, though they lived six hundred years before him. It is worthy of remark that Mahomet, who styled himself the Apostle of God, lost his life by poison. Had he been a true Apostle of God he could not have fallen by it.

Al Kodae Abul Feda and Al Janabi give the following account: When Mahomet had taken the city of Keebar from the Arab Jews, in the year 628, he took up his lodgings at the house of Hareth, the father of Marhab, the Jewish general, who had been slain at the taking of the city, by Alee, the son-in-law of Mahomet. Zeenab, the daughter of Hareth, who was appointed to dress the prophet's dinner, to avenge the fall of her people and the death of her brother,

put poison in a roasted lamb which was provided for the occasion. Bashar, one of his companions, falling on too hastily, fell dead on the spot. Mahomet had only chewed one mouthful, but had not swallowed it. Perceiving that it was poisoned, immediately spat it out; yet he had swallowed a sufficiency of the juice to lay the foundation of his death, though this did not take place till about three years after, but that it was the cause of his death then, his dying words, related by Al Janabi and others, sufficiently testify. When the mother of Bashar came to see him in his dying agonies, he thus addressed her. O, mother of Bashar, I now feel the veins of my heart bursting, through the poison of that morsel which I ate with thy son at Keebar. Abul Feda Ebnol Ather and Eben Phares say that the prophet acknowledged on his death bed that the poison which he had taken at Keebar had tormented him from that time until then, notwithstanding blisters were applied to his shoulders and everything done in the beginning to prevent its effects. Al Kodai and and Al Janabi relate that, when Zenab was questioned why she did this, she answered to this effect: I said in my heart, if he be a king, we shall hereby be freed from his tyranny; and if he be a prophet he will easily perceive it and consequently receive no injury. To support his creed, he pretended that the lamb spoke to him and said that it was infected with poison. See Ellmakin, p. 8.

It was therefore policy in him not to put Zenab to death. It has pleased God that this fact should be acknowledged by the dying breath of this scourge of the earth, and that several of even the most partial Mohammedan historians should relate it. And thus attested, it stands for the complete and everlasting refutation of his pretentions to the prophetic spirit and mission.

"Now," said Santa, "I will tell a few more truths, if I die for it. Here is another tremendous falsehood, fixed up 1264 years ago. One night, as I was taking a short trip through the air in my balloon, I thought I would cast anchor in a tree top, on the little Isle of Thorny, close by the river Thames, until daylight. London at that time and place was marshy and lonely, and the only building on the place was a little Catholic church, built by the bishop on the other side of the river, by order of the Pope. Well, now, I will tell the world a secret. That night, up in my balloon in the tree-top, I had fixed up lots of presents to carry to the children all over the world. The next night, it being Christmas eve, and just past mid-

night, I heard a man, in a gruff voice, on the other side of the Thames, call out to a fisherman who was sitting in his boat, a few rods from me, fishing, to row over to him and fetch him over to the little Isle of Thorny, and wait until he went into the church and consecrated it by a supernatural radiance, accompanied by a host of angels. The poor, scared fisherman trembled with fear; he knew not I was there. I slipped down softly, parted the bushes carefully and peeked in one of the windows. I saw the cunning fellow light forty tapers he had brought, and flourish around. Then he carefully put them out. He then came out and, getting into the boat, I heard him announce himself to the poor scared fisherman as the apostle Peter. I came pretty near dying, I wanted to laugh so; but wait, thinks I, and see what next. Well, he ordered the fisherman to haul in his net. He dared not disobey. So he drawed in his net with plenty of fish. He then picked out one of the largest; then told the fisherman to row him back, and carry the fish at break of day to Miletus, the bishop, and assure him of the consecration, and tell him he should never want fish as long as he dedicated a tenth part to the church. This is the Peter pence money to rob and get money of all that knows no better than to give it. And here is another fact to be made known to the world this year, said Santa: The ancient Syrian church on the Malabar coast never heard of transubstantiation till the year 1599, when the rascally Don Alexis Mene Zes, archbishop of Goa, and the villainous Jesuit, Fransic Rez, invaded that church, and by tricks and impostures, and the assistance of the heathen governors of Cochin and other places, whom they gained over by bribes and presents, overthrew the whole of this ancient church, and gave the oppressed people the rites and creeds of the horrible Papal church in its place. This accursed deed was done at the synod of Diamper, which began its sessions at Agomale, June the 20th, 1599. The tricks of this unprincipled prelate was the tool of Pope Clement the 8th, and Philip the 2d, King of Portugal. Now, said "Santa, I can breathe a little easier after letting these truths be known." Santa said he would tell one more truth, if it split all creation, and that was, "the divine right of kings is a humbug. The peace and liberty of Europe has but one alternative. She must either be smothered in blood and perish forever, or rise to a man, that wishes to be free, and trample to death all despotism. Deal war to the knife on popes, priests and

kings, absolute monarchs, royal estates and privileged orders. Down with landlordism; royalty has no business in the world in this enlightened age. No more kings; no more queens; no more lords and commons; no more parliaments. Hurra for free schools, where the children can read history. Then they can read of popes in petticoats; that is, when lewd women were popes of Rome, and beastly freeloveism carried the day, and when an old rascal, 63 years old, as well as many others, traveled all over Germany selling little bits of paper to get money for Leo the 10th to have plenty of money to keep up his lewd women. These bits of paper were sold all over the German empire, mostly by an old scoundrel named Tetzel, and the paper trash was called Tetzel's Theses, and were made by the cunning fox, Pope Leo the 10th. Here is a true copy of Tetzel's Theses:

"May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve thee through the merits of His most holy passion, and I, by His authority, and that of His blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, and of our holy master, the Pope, granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee: first from all ecclesiastical censures, howsoever incurred; next from all sins, faults and excesses hitherto committed by thee, howsoever enormous, even those reserved to the Apostolical see, in as far as the keys of holy mother church extend; remitting by plenary indulgence, all punishment due to thee for the aforesaid in purgatory. And I restore thee to the holy sacraments of the church, and to the unity of the faithful, and to the innocence and purity conferred on thee by baptism; so that the gates of punishment may be closed against thee at thy departure, and those of the joys of Paradise be opened. Or, shouldst thou not presently die, let this grace remain in full force and await thee at the point of death. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

O! horrid trick to deceive the ignorant. Now, said Santa,

Open wide the school-house doors,
And let the Bible in.
The word of God shall spread like fire;
This year the Lord is king.

And now I, Santa, of ancient memory, grant an indulgence, free, gratis, for nothing, to all and every pope and priest, wheresoever they be, to marry, if they can get any one to have them. Get wives

and go to work for a living, you monkish beggars. Your rotten old bark has sprung aleak, and your tattered sails have flapped long enough; and there is no help for it. For just as sure as the cruel minions of the Pope dare insult the free institutions of America, they will get blow for blow, with interest. For Romanism is a form of heathenism not to be tolerated among the sons of liberty.

I dreamed the Old Man of the Moon said, "I told the folks in my letter the truths I would tell you, you would not forget soon. Now, here goes, whether friends or foes. I am no hypocrite and can't spoil a sermon for relations sake. I must speak my mind to you and give you all divine notice that the son of God will come to judge the world in righteousness; when not the people in this new city only, but all of Adam's race in every clime, will be gathered together to receive from the lips of eternal justice their final and unalterable sentence. O! flee then from the wrath to come, and lay hold of the life set before you in the glorious Gospel. This you can never do while you are held in chains of darkness by the French fashions. The more they can fill the mind with the love of dress and pride, the less time they will have to think of their soul's salvation. For millions of miles around my moon no female is counted a lady that don't work. There is nobility in work and in dressing cheap and plain. If Worth ever presumes to come in a balloon, in an easterly current, or any other way, with his accursed fashions, the girls would throw a torpedo at his heels and a can of nitro-glycerine at the balloon that brought him. I hear lots of you women want to vote. If you would vote down the French fashions, it would be a good thing, for they are worse than all the drunkards' work under heaven. I must tell you a little incident that happened a few days ago, Governor Tampage owns a farm on the south side of my moon, and his beautiful daughter Starletta often comes and helps my girls hoe out the garden. They will take the cabbage leaves with the dew on and wash their faces with them to take off tan and make them look fresh and fair. Then my girls will go and help them just for the honor of the thing. I'll tell a little fun they had one day last week. Starletta came to help my girls hoe out the cabbage patch. They had got about half done when they heard a singular rustling under the leaves, and something crawl—crawl on the ground like a serpent. They raised their hoes high in the air and watched. After a little they saw something like a jug. They gave an unearthly

scream. Down went their hoes, the jug flew in a thousand pieces and up jumped a young man with a broken back. The miserable scamp said he had steeped some dry sunflower stalks to try and get tight on. The brave girls hooted him out of the garden and told him never to show his face again within two thousand miles of the moon; said they would die old maids, dry up, blow away, before they would marry or ever kiss a man that tasted wine or anything stronger than tea, coffee or water. Mr. Luna said, my dear little boys and girls, I thank you for keeping so still while I preached to the old ones. I hope you will always respect old people, at home or abroad, especially when your parents take you away to visit friends. Never, never, for the Lord's sake, do as Jupiter and Mars did, when they were little boys, and came with their mothers from the town of Constellation to visit my folks in the moon. They had not been in the house five minutes before they began teasing for 'Paneycake, paneycake.' My old woman mixed up a pail of batter and baked them a big pancake. I broke it in two for them. Jupiter got mad; said Mars' piece was the biggest. While I was looking to see, Jupiter threw a dipper of batter slap in my face. Then the little Satan went to making up faces at my brindle cow, which enraged her so that she jumped over my moon into Mr. Space's pasture. He thrashed her and swore she was breachy; hit her a kick that sent her back with such force that she lost her cud. I had to go and scrape some bark up instead of down from a root of elder, and roll it up in a little wad and put it in the back of her mouth, while I held her tongue with the other hand. That made her all right. I was glad when Jupiter and Mars' mothers, the soft-shell women, cleared out—until they could learn to stuff their young ones before leaving home. These boys happened, after a few thousand years, to grow up and become great musicians, so my old woman sent out a letter to Jupiter and Mars, for the old and young to come on the cars and compose a new song with their loud sounding timbrel, to send down by Santa to W. W. Kimball." Here is Kimball's new song:

THIS year shall all the whole world know,
That Christ, the Lord, is king;
The Jews will play on their harps so sweet,
And sing Messiah has come.

All haughty tyrants
Shall bite the dust;
The Blacks no more
Shall be oppressed.

Free schools, free speech,
Free everything;
Let the bells through all
The whole world ring.

A man is a man, be he black or white,
And none shall Lord it over the rest;
Free and equal all men shall be,
Then sing and shout for liberty.

Let the banner of freedom o'er the whole world wave,
Till every tyrant finds a grave;
Then down with all tyrants, and up with the brave,
And trample to death all that dare make men slaves.

Now blow your trumpets, ye laboring men,
And sing in the key of C;
The working folks are the royal ones;
And this all the whole world shall see.

Now I dreamed that thousands of Jews came from all parts of America to Chicago, to hear the letter and the great sermons from the Angel and the Old Man of the Moon. They began to weep; said they and their forefathers had waited hundreds of years for Jesus to come and be king of Jerusalem; but now they had read the New Testament through in the sky, and was satisfied he had come. The veil had dropped from their eyes and they would worship and adore him forevermore; said we believe and solemnly declare Jesus to be the son of God; the promised Messiah. We believe in His divine sonship, in His death and resurrection. The certainty of his resurrection proves his miraculous conception, vindicates the blessed Virgin, and in a word declares him to be the son of God, with power. This is the rock on which we split, denying the eternal sonship. O! most merciful and compassionate Jesus, can you forgive our insults and cruelty to thee? If so, be pleased to send Moses or some of the holy Angels.

THEN good old Moses came in sight,
I saw him wave his wand;
On old Beth Peors' lofty height,
He boldly took his stand.

I will come with the Angelic host, said he,
Since God's dear son you own;
To sing you a welcome to your own native land,
Your loved Jerusalem.

Then down he comes,
And as he comes he sings;
A bald old eagle screams in fright,
And folds its massive wings.

Said he, since Christ, the Lord,
You call your king;
Take down your harps, on willows hung,
And gently touch their chords again.

They are gathering in,
They are gathering in, said he;
The Saviour said, I'll gather them in,
If they but turn to me.

The vines will grow, the milk will flow,
And honey drop from dew;
Jerusalem a happy home,
Shall be for every Jew.

Your land no more shall be defiled,
By Turk or Saracen;
The Angels of the Lord will come,
And guide you to Jerusalem.

O! my brethren, said Moses, I will go and speak with the Lord for you. He then walked on the air up to the gates of the Beautiful City above and held sweet converse with the Lord. One of the sauciest little negro boys in Chicago managed to get on top of one of the tallest spires and sit astride of the weather vane, to the terror and consternation of everybody. The police shouted to him to come down, He hallooed to them, "You white trash, shut up your moufs and go into the house; this nigger ain't fraid noffin, by golly; if the angels is coming down from Hebben to tote the Jews off, I'se bound

to know it fust." The words were only out of his mouth when he gave a dreadful scream, "O! I see the shiny Angels, coming fru the sky, and I hear the sweetest music, I know this child will die." He dropped from his perilous perch, through fright, on to the roof, turned a somersault entirely over the city and went plumb into the lake, heels up. He must have stuck in the mud for he was seen no more. Then the shout went up, "Hark! hark! the music." O! God, what music sounding through the sky. Then out came all the Heavenly host, with Jesus. As he came, the sun and moon and all the stars came marching in his train, and O! the millions of birds that sing on the trees that bloom on the banks of that beautiful river, where the sunshine of glory is shining forever. What pen can describe the sweet singing of those birds as they flew around the Heavenly host? Everybody wondered how the Jews were going to Jerusalem. A breeze blew a fog away that was between them and the lake, when, behold! there at the dock was anchored the Great Eastern. Puff, puff, steam up; streamers flying and on them inscribed, "Salvation and glory to Jesus our God." At a sign from Moses they heave anchor; the Jews hurry on board; the Saviour of the world waves his hand; the sea and land became like a sea of glass; the bells ring; the Heavenly host start for Jerusalem, and off starts the Great Eastern. In twenty minutes they near Jerusalem. The infidels came out to give battle; the sky became full of men on horses with saddles and bridles of gold, and bells on the horses; the men in shining raiment, so dazzling light, that the infidels' horses began to snort and plunge in a fearful manner, and fell dead through fright. All on foot took to their heels and run. The Jews landed; Jerusalem was theirs. Then the apparition vanished from the sky. Then there was heard the sweetest music all over the world. Some said it was the Italian band. Some said one thing and some another. But it turned out to be the Chicago band. The music was passing sweet, and the musicians of Chicago played in honor of the glorious things done that day in Jerusalem by the king of the Jews. Then there came back, floating in the air, a grand refrain, "The Jews are safe in Palestine." As I said before, the midnight trumpet caused what was said in one part of the world to be heard all over the other, and the looking-glass in the sky reflected everything that was done on the earth, so it was plainly seen how quick Jerusalem was built up again in all its former splendor. Flat roofs on the tops of all the

houses, which formed continued terraces from one end of the city to the other and terminated at the gates; stairs on the outside of the houses, for everyone to ascend and descend without coming into the houses. When Vespasian was approaching Jerusalem with his Roman army to destroy it, all that believed in Christ in the city fled on top of the flat roofs to places of safety; not one of them perished.

In my next book perhaps I will tell the young-folks some of the wonderful things that took place in that Oriental country.

The Old Man then said—

LITTLE boys and girls
Play in the moon;
Sometimes they get hungry,
And run home at noon.

Sometimes they will say
Good man if you please,
Give us a slice
Of your nice green cheese.

Once a little boy
Started and run,
And never said thank you,
But darn your old moon.

Pretty soon he came back,
With a sniffle and a sneeze,
And screamed, thank you, Grandpa,
For your nice green cheese.

He jumped up so high,
And boohooed so loud;
Away went my moon
Behind a big cloud.

So little boys and girls,
Never fail to give
Thanks for a favor
As long as you live.

Now I dreamed I heard a voice saying, "O! Man of the Moon, I, Eugenie of France, have now read the New Testament through for the first time in my life, and I, for one, will come to Jesus. I am

now clothed and in my right mind. Glory be to God in the highest. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and I am now translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear son. I am happy Eugenie now. O! wondrous change. She then called for a Protestant minister and begged him to baptize her in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and to be received into Christ's visible church. Then she said, loud enough for the whole world to hear, "As for the Pope, I boldly refuse him, as Christ's enemy; and Antichrist, with all his foolish docrines. Now I pray to be forgiven for my many sins in encouraging silly fashions. Through my means how many have been ruined by the love of dress. O! all ye mothers and daughters of America, that have been so eager to follow the scandalous fashion of France, I pray you to cast away your finery, as I have mine, and come with me to Jesus. For is not this the year of jubilee. O! wake and come now, and Christ shall give thee light. I now can sing the Christian's hope of glory. She then sang;

JESUS, let Thy mercy throw,
Its guardian shadow o'er me;
Preserve me while I'm here below,
And guide me up to glory.

I'm weaker than a bruised reed,
I cannot do without Thee;
I'll want Thee here, each time of need,
I'll want Thee when in glory.

Although my efforts here to praise,
Are often cold and lowly;
A sweeter nobler song I'll raise,
When with Thy saints in glory.

I'll cast my trophies at Thy feet,
I'll worship and adore Thee;
Whose precious blood hath made me meet,
To dwell with God in glory.

Then, O! my soul, extol His name,
Show forth His wondrous praises,
My powers burn with holy flame,
With love that never ceases.

A few more trials and conflicts here,
Will tell the arduous story;
When all my anxious, throbbing cares,
Will end in songs of glory.

I dreamed, she said, O! that every one would come to Jesus now.

FOR the tree of life is blooming fair;
Twelve kinds of fruit are on it ripe;
And O! if ever I get there,
I'll walk with Jesus, clothed in white.

I'll take my darling by the hand;
I'll never, never leave him more;
I'll cast my crown down at His feet;
Forever worship and adore.

Then, said Engenie, I start on my journey now; who will go along with me? I, said poor Carlotta, will go along with thee, Eugenie, for I am sick, and weary of life. My beloved husband, Maximillian, has left me, and I know not where he is. I have sent more than five hundred telegraph dispatches all over Austria for him, but can get no tidings of his whereabouts. She then bid the whole Austrian court good-bye and started with Eugenie. When they arrived in sight of the beautiful city, Carlotta started to run back; said there was no room in Heaven for her; besides, she was so weak she did not think she could stand the joy and the light that from their grand portals would burst on her sight. Such glory and brightness in a city so pure, would be more than a faint heart like hers could endure. Eugenie tried to have her go on and hear the radiant band of music. She said she would call out to the angels and see what they would say. Then she looked up to Heaven and cried: O! angels on that radiant shore, so dazzling to my sight, is there room in Heaven for me to come and walk with you in white? I am poor Carlotta. O, yes, the angels sweetly sung,

IN heaven there's room
For all the world
To walk our streets,
All paved with gold.

No sun or moon is needed here;
No night is ever seen.
The glory of our Lord and king
Shines over everything.

The place is dazzling bright,
And beautiful to see,
And here the servants of the Lord
Are happy as can be.

Carlotta, come;
Make no delay.
Our Jesus, with His dear soft hand,
Will wipe your tears away.

The poor creature cried out so pitiful and said: If I had only read the Holy Bible sooner, been kind to the poor and sorrowful, dressed plain and decent, instead of letting Worth fix me up like a swamp angel, how much happier I should be; but I'll show the world, at last, what a servant of the Lord can do. I will take off my bonnet, my shoes and stockings, and over this river barefooted I'll go. When we arrive at the gate of the beautiful city, I will see if my Jesus poor Carlotta will know. She then took off her bonnet and threw it up into a tree-top; then off with her dainty shoes and stockings, threw them into some bushes that brushed the dews on Jordan's banks. Then, said Eugenie, I am ready; let us now go. The tide is at ebb; pretty soon it will flow, and perhaps overpower us. Then they took hold of hands and walked into the river. They made a great splashing in the river, as they came near sinking several times, and would have been lost, but Jesus sent a host of shining angels to bear them up and carry them to the very gates of the city. While tens of thousands were watching Eugenie and Carlotta cross the river, a message came to three young men in the crowd, saying, "You must bid your friends farewell and start this very day for the Heavenly city. Your Redeemer is waiting for you. Then these Christian young men bid their friends good-bye, one by one, as they stood sobbing around. But the servants of the living God, nothing daunted, marched bravely down to the river, jumped on board a vessel and pushed off from land. Notwithstanding a fearful storm was coming on, it struck their vessel in ten minutes. The waves in their fury dashed their vessel nearer and nearer the

breakers. She will soon be dashed to pieces on the rocks. Her sails flap with such fury as to part the mist. What are the young men doing? Hark! above the noisy elements they are heard singing and praying. Prayers and groans are going up for them from thousands. At last they rise up, and the tallest of the young men stoops and picks up a celestial sky-rocket, and sends it up in token of distress. In an instant the battlements of the beautiful city above was thronged with angels, and one I thought must be the angel Urial, flew down from Heaven onto the vessel's deck. He seized the helm saying, the Prince of Life, who holdeth the wind in his fist and treadeth on the sea, is commander in these straits. He has sailed through, himself, in the fiercest hurricane that ever blew, and has left under his hand and seal a correct chart of the sounds and currents, of the shallows and rocks, breakers, and of the islands of disappointment and vexations upon which any of his dear followers might be cast. At the mouth of these straits said the angel, appears Cape Tribulation, stretching itself along to the fair havens, and I can assure you it takes much skill in seamanship to double it with advantage. This promintory, the terror of cowards, wise and brave men get around without damage. Indeed a brave adventurer found a bay sheltered from every wind, and in which a whole fleet rode in safety and celebrated a jubilee. But behold the city bright appears in sight. Then I heard a voice from Heaven, saying, "Helm hard aport." "Hard aport it is, sir," replied the angel, as he steered the vessel into the royal dock. Jesus knows his own.

The Old Man said it was a fearful thing in the sight of God for those that had a plenty in any city or town, to not help the poor, when they could as well as not. Their poor pale faces would haunt them in the hour of death. The Old Man wept; said hunger was a dreadful thing; said sometimes he had been full, sometimes only half full, and, to tell the truth, sometimes only a quarter full. Then help the suffering poor and be quick about it. Then he said, "how many of you women are willing to cast away the horrid fashions that come from France, that nation of dancers? What a scandal for a man to presume, a Roman Catholic at that, to get up hideous fashions for American women. I want you to dress plain and not spend so much time on the foolish fashions. I will give you, said he, just five minutes to make up your silly minds, to spend your precious time as you do, or go and search out the poor and suffer-

ing, for you know not how soon death may overpower you. And now hear the Gospel truth: This fine city is built up all new, I hear, since the fire, but I know of a city, not made with men's hands, where the poor and the lowly before the throne stand, with harps in their hands and crowns on their heads, they sing hallelujah and glory to God. They walk the bright fields where the air is sweet, and flowers are blooming fair, and sing so sweet at Jesus' feet, while angels guard the door. Two minutes gone, only three left. How many do I see staring at me, that are unkind to the old folks and think they live too long. The time, perhaps, will come bye and bye, for many of you to be carried off to the poor-house. It is then your tears will fall and your hearts will ache as you think of your meanness to the old folks. O dear! O dear! only three minutes left to decide the great question: To live so as to go to the beautiful city, or the city of destruction. A thousand noble-minded women held a council, and in two minutes came to the conclusion to never follow foreign fashions again, the shameful things. The conflict was fierce but short; for, with one triumphant shout, they proclaimed the contest ended; said, as American women, they would not be ruled by a Catholic country any longer; said they would take time and go and search out the sick and sorrowful immediately, and as they were marching along they would keep singing this song, to give up their finery or die. Now a great sobbing was heard. Two women cried aloud, in presence of all the people, they were rich, proud women, living in great style and extravagance, while their mothers were in the poor house. All at once they started and run for that building. Their eyes had been opened by the preaching of the Angel and Old Man of the Moon, to see what their pride had done. Poor old mothers, too old-fashioned and plain to be with them, but now they would bring them home about the quickest. They rapped at the door of the poor house; the keeper came and opened it. They said they had come to take their mothers home, to keep them alive as long as they could; nothing in this world should be too good for them. The keeper of the poor house looked fierce at them, and in a stern voice told them they were too late to ask God's forgiveness for the mean cruel way they had treated them. Said he, they are beyond the rock of your pity now. Two hours ago, said he, they started, and by this time cannot be far from the beautiful city above. They went out and looked.

It was well they did, for just then the Old Man of the Moon, willing to do all the good he could while in Chicago, took out of his pocket a silver speaking trumpet. Everybody wondered what he was going to do. But, lo! he put the trumpet to his mouth and blew a loud blast toward Heaven, saying, "Ho! there; ye holy Angels. God's poor are coming on. Open wide the portals and let them both come in." In an instant an answer came back from a trumpet of gold, saying. "We saw them cross the river; when they brushed the dews on Jordan's bank we shouted, hallelujah!" In my dream I saw tens of thousands of shining Angels come out to give them a welcome. They sang, "Press forward, press forward, the prize is in view, a crown of bright glory is waiting for you." The Angels then escorted them into the beautiful city. Poor old mothers; not good enough for the proud ones below, but now waited on by Angels.

The Old Man said he hoped his preaching might do some good; that he would leave the event with God, and, being that all the pride and infernal fashions and love of dress, and luxuries of life, first began in the East they might fall in the West, never to rise again. And as for that hydra-headed monster, Old King Alcohol, that he should fall; said there should be but one king, and that should be King Jesus; that around his throne we all might stand, surrounded by his glory. Then where are the women, where is the town, that for this King will work. Hold on! hold on! thou good Old Man that lives in the moon; we women of Rock Island town will boldly make a start. Liquor and dress we will both pray down, looking for help from God's son. Stop! stop! the men all cried, we too have dropped our foolish pride; justice and mercy shall now be done, to all beneath the setting sun; for we are proud to join the ranks, and to the Lord we all give thanks, for letting us hear the Man of the Moon, and the Angel that came in Old Santa's balloon. This noble band went back to Rock Island and searched out the poor and left a gift at every door. Then they said they would begin the crusade against Old King Alcohol at Illinois City first, and being there was no railroad to that place, they would go on shank's horses, it being only twenty-five miles from Rock Island. But just as they were going to start a man from Illinois City came on a fleet horse to tell them there was not a single saloonichi-keeper in the place, not a drop of anything to muddle the brain; that all the men like brothers agreed, and were it not for the squeaking of seven geese in the place it would

seem like Sunday every day in the week. This was great news, so great that a bird in the air carried up the news on high, when a noise like artillery was heard in the sky. All the stars in heaven came in sight at noon. The crashing went on among the stars. Consternation filled everybody, as they saw one star larger than the rest shoot about, hitting first one star then others. The sight was grand in the extreme. Finally this bold star shot clear of all the other stars and came down and stopped over Rock Island, and sang so sweet, "I'm a musical star, from Temperance town, the Rock Island ladies have called me down; I will shine on their path as they are marching around to sing and pray down every saloon." This wonderful star stood twenty-four hours over the beautiful city of Rock Island, then all at once started off due East and hit all the cities afar. Ten thousand saloons fell at once with a crash, knocked down by the light of this star. Then a great noise was heard on the Mississippi river. People ran to see what it could mean. Three large steamers were coming up the river backwards, and the river running up stream instead of down. Shriek! shriek! went the whistles; ring! ring! went the bells. The flags were at half mast. What is the matter, shouted the people of Rock Island. Can't you stop us, screamed the captains, through their speaking trumpets, we started for Memphis, said they, at 11 o'clock to-day. All the steam we could get up would not take us down the river; no power could stop our coming up stream, the current was so swift. Help! help! stop us if you can. Great Heavens! yelled the Rock Islanders, can it be that you did not hear the cheering at Chicago, for the Bible being read in the public schools and the Sabbath day being kept as that holy day should be. In fact, the cheering was so great that a monster whale, eighty feet long, got scared and came into the lake at Chicago, lashing the water into a sea of foam. Commodore Curmudgeon, from England, happened to be at Chicago with his ship. He was a popular whaler; made a business of whaling his poor sailors if they did not walk the seams of the quarter deck straight in a heavy squall. He ordered his men to heave anchor; unfurl every sail, which was soon filled with a spanking breeze. There she blows, he yelled through his trumpet, to three of his men he had sent ahead in a row-boat. They threw a harpoon; it only hit the monster's tail, which so enraged it, that it turned and hit the boat with such force it went up fifty feet high in the air, turned bottom up-

wards, and came down with the poor fellows, head over heels into the lake. Take in sail, screamed Curmudgeon, fore tack, fore cleet, fore to bow-line jib sheet let go and haul. There she blows, I will have her now. The words were only out of his great mouth, when the whale struck his fine craft amidship; stove a hole in the bottom. The noble ship pitched and reeled a few times, then sunk in the lake opposite Chicago. Old Curmudgeon and his hands swam ashore. He said he could boss any infernal craft that sailed in foreign seas but could do nothing in American waters. He said he had intended to give all the folks a nice fat chunk of whale meat, free gratis—for nothing; but because he had not done it all the boys in the city were making fun of him, so he was determined to get out of skunk's misery as quick as possible, by taking the underground railroad. We heard nothing of it, said the captains of the steamers, our paddle wheels made such a racket. Now we will see what three times three will do on the Father of Waters. Off with your hats, shouted the captains. Then they gave such tremendous cheers for the Bible being read in public schools, and the Sabbath day being kept as that holy day should be kept, that the great river trembled like an earthquake, then started and ran its natural course down stream. The boys in blue ran into the United States arsenal and fired a parting salute after the steamers; the bands of music played so beautiful on them as they steamed down the river.

The Old Man shook hands with everyone in Chicago; hoped trashy literature would be banished from the earth; said the night of death was drawing nigh, and the time would surely come when the Angel Gabriel would blow his trumpet loud and all be gathered in one vast crowd in the twinkling of an eye, to stand in the presence of the great God to give an account of their conduct; the good on the right hand, the bad on the left to hear their doom. Mothers would accuse their daughters of the foolish way they had spent their time. Their daughters would shriek in dispair and accuse their mothers of not doing their duty by them, and in their agony would cry, O! if we had seen in time the fatal trap that has been laid for the mothers and daughters of America, to steal our hearts away from the pure and good, and our minds continally fixed on the easiest way to squander money by following French fashions. O! the love of dress they will cry, has given us no time to think of a dying bed, or care for the poor and suffering. And, O! ye women worshippers of

poodle-dogs to your everlasting shame, your eyes will be open to see and wish you had never bestowed your time and love on their vile carcasses instead of your fellow creatures, born with an immortal soul. I leave you now, said the Old Man; hoping that you will all get disgusted with your finery and remember that salvation is free for all the world, and that now is the very time to get it, for I can declare to you, said he, that all the foreign fashions are got up on purpose to stop your reading God's word and thinking of Heavenly things, until the time comes when you will have to own yourselves Roman Catholics, or suffer the consequences. The blow will fall sudden but sure, but for the consolation of any that will be wise in time, I will say that when the fighting time begins, send a rocket up to me. I'll borrow the Angels' sun-dogs and help you to be free. With three of the yellow sun-dogs, Old Santa and his noble balloon, and a good strong easterly current, we will be in Chicago at noon the same day. Then all the Protestant nations of the earth gave three cheer for the Angels' sun-dogs, Old Santa and his noble balloon, and three times three for the good Old Man—the man that lives in the moon. The little old woman that thought the upsetting of the Pope's chair was the fore-wheel to some dreadful runner, clapped her hands and declared the boys in blue could put things through with their forty-leven pounder; that they would take the life of the scarlet beast in any place they found her, if she broke loose and became the least unruly; for the Pope's bulls were of no account anyhow. Then up went the balloon.

Everybody looked to see Santa's balloon going up, never expecting to hear him preach again, but as his balloon was over Ireland a mighty din was heard. Tin-horns, trumpets, drums, tin-pans, corn stalk fiddles, brought Santa's balloon to a dead halt one mile high. Santa crawled out on top of his balloon and screamed, "What is the matter? O! my stars and garters, I am scared." "Matter enough," shouted all Ireland. "We want you to preach a sermon for this down-trodden country, if your honor and glory will please be so kind as to do it; we want to be free from the death grip of England; we pray and pray to St. Patrick and the Virgin Mary, but the divil a bit will they free us; never a good turn has he done us since he prayed the frogs and toads out of this country." Well, said Santa, if you will do as I tell you, you can be free from saucy England's rule and beeome a happy nation." "We will do as you say," screamed all

Ireland. "Then," yelled Santa, "As for St. Patrick I know all about him. He was a Protestant. He prayed for the salvation of Ireland, that it might be saved from the cruel fangs of Popery. He never prayed frogs, toads and snakes out of Ireland; it is a base falsehood invented by the lying priests of Rome. Here is what will set you free indeed: Read the Holy Bible for yourselves; keep the Sabbath day holy; send your children to Protestant schools, where they will learn to hear of Jesus—then trust to the Lord for deliverance." "You forgot to take your text," whispered the Old Man of the Moon as he stuck his head out of the balloon. Now go ahead with your sermon, and do hurry, for the sun-dogs are barking at my moon." Then, Santa said, here is my text, "The Scottish leopard crouches low; the Russian bear he sucks his paw; the Chinese men are waking up; the Fleur de Lis is blooming now." This is the meaning of my text and the substance of my sermon. When you forsake the devil by kicking off the horrid rags of Popery. Down with the nunneries and let the poor captives go free, especially the poor children that have been stolen and their fathers are looking for them now. Then the Scottish leopard will spring from her lair in memory of Sir William Wallace, and the Russian bear will join the dance, and hold the flag with the Lilies of France, out of pure spite to England, and the celestial empire men will be on hand, in good style, to pay off the debt of opium England forced them to buy, to take their strength away, and make them too weak to fight that saucy nation. But their eyes are opened now to the enormity of the great wrong done that nation by England. And the opium traffic has got to stop. Then there's the boys in blue they can lick all creation, and will be on hand in grand style, in memory of that lovely country employing the dreadful savages to scalp, burn and torture to death the poor defenseless women and children in time of the wars with Great Britain, and then the English cheated the infernal savages out of their pay. This is the truth, if I die for it, said Santa. Fathers, son and brothers fighting for liberty, while the dear ones at home were unprotected. You must forsake the scarlet beast the old Pope of Rome. His name is 666. The old fellow is down; there let him rtay. His colt, at Nuremburg, that was foaled of an acorn, has tumbled down; there let it stay. Any carpenter can make him another. Amen!" Then up went the balloon. Then there was seen on the Irish coast as strange a sight as the world could boast.

SIX mermaids on a rock had sprung,
And split the air, so loud they sang;
They came from the depths of the deep, blue sea,
To sing and dance old Ireland free.

They begged a few sprigs,
From fair Erin's green Isle;
To place in their hair,
As they danced all the while.

Six noble lads of lofty mein,
Started off in a bonnie boat;
To carry some sprigs of evergreen,
To the mermaids on the rock.

Come be our brides the young men cried,
We will be to you so true;
You're shivering with the cold, dear loves,
Your noses look so blue.

Just throw your sprigs, the mermaids cried,
We're almost fast asleep;
They caught them in their little hands,
Then jumped into the deep.

The young men rowed their bonnie boat,
Safe back to land, and then
The tears like rain, ran down their cheeks,
To think how fooled they'd been.

But it was a joyful day for Ireland, for while all England were looking at the dance of the mermaids, three brave Fenians slipped into England, kicked over all the graven images dedicated to the Virgin Mary; stole all the parchments that related to Ireland; let fly a can of nitro-glycerine, and made good their escape. This I dreamed was the beginning of the downfall of that nation.

INDEX

The Midnight Trumpet.
An Angel Flying Through the Midst of Heaven.
An Angel's Visit to Chicago.
A Chickering Piano carried up to the Moon.
Letter from the Old Man of the Moon.
Men Seen in the Sky.
Breaking the Back of King Alcohol.
Singing of Sabbath School Children in Chicago.
All the Bells in Heaven Ringing.
The Devil and his Big Drum.
A Man from Rome.
Santa Claus and his Balloon.
Victor Emanuel and his Trumpeters.
Come Haste to the Wedding of Priests and Nuns.
Sweet Music in the Moon.
Theology.
St. Peter on the Battlements.
Darwin and the Catfish.
Birth of Montezuma.
A Wonderful Nun of Mexico.
Mahomet's Trip to Heaven.
Cause of Mahomet's Death.
The Little Isle of Thorny.
Starletta and the Whisky Jug.
Jupiter and Mars' Pancake.
Why the Cow Jumped over the Moon.
Song of Jupiter and Mars.
The Jews acknowledge the Messiah has come.
A Frightened Negro Boy.
Song of Moses.
Great Apparition in the Sky.
The Great Eastern at the Dock in Chicago.
Tetzel's Theses.

Freeloveism.
The Chicago Band of Music.
Little Boys and Girls Play in the Moon.
Eugenie Sings the Christian's Hope of Glory.
Carlotta's Call to the Angels.
The Angels' Welcome.
A Letter to Three Young Men.
A Vessel in the Breakers.
Brave Women of Rock Island.
A Musical Star.
The Mississippi Running Up Stream.
A Whale in the Lake at Chicago.
A Boat Capsized.
The Angels' Sun-Dogs.
Three Rousing Sermons.
A Great Din in Ireland.
Dance of the Mermaids.
Three Brave Fenians.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 985 405 6